

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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DECEMBER CIRCULATION. 53,534

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of December, 1915, was 53,534.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

When nurses disagree, it devolves upon the doctors to decide.

If necessary, our present accommodating republican postmaster might perhaps be persuaded to hold over indefinitely.

It is evident from the report that the Steel trust is able to sit up and sit in to another of those celebrated Gary dinners.

Our Congressman Lobeck will try for another term—which means that he has placed an order for a fresh supply of gum shoes.

The next danger confronting players in the primary election game is an autograph-collectors' trust to bull the market for nominating petitions.

For the first time since the reformation of the Union Pacific, residents of western Nebraska are getting next to the utility of its curves.

This is the day specially proclaimed by President Wilson for contributing toward the relief of the Jewish war sufferers in all the warring countries.

Successive announcements of ambitious candidates make it certain that those supreme judgment jobs will not go a-begging in Nebraska for dearth of "nonpartisans."

Now the tug-of-war swings to the graveyard of Adam. Soldiers falling there have some assurance of mingling their bones with those of their ancestors. No other battlefield can boast of like attractions.

At 1 cent a pound, the official wholesale price for potatoes in Berlin, the commissioner men of the German capital must envy the unrestricted reach of their brethren of the middle west for the dollar a bushel.

Any port in a storm. The sudden revival by the democrats of the tariff commission scheme at this time indicates the urgency of sidetracking a disagreeable issue for a year or two. Democracy dreads the music of the coming fall.

Much regret is felt and expressed for the indefinite postponement of the reopening of Panama canal, announced by General Goethals. No doubt the Pacific railroads are sympathetic, but the embarrassment of excess business delays condoleances.

Every new field entered by the city incurs new liabilities, as witness the threatened suit for damages for violation of contract in connection with an Auditorium performance. This does not mean that the city should never enter new fields, but we should understand in advance what obligations go with every municipal enterprise.



A unique sight was presented by the prairie schooner on runners which anchored in front of the Paxton amidst the wintry blasts, a flat sheet iron stove blazed in front, industriously disposing of their chips of pine on which it was red. While all without was cold, the three occupants were comfortable and cheery.

Mr. W. H. Clark of Newton, Kan., was united in marriage with Miss Gertrude Tounsin by Dean Millspaugh at the Tounsin residence at Twentieth and Chicago. The bride was attired in a plain traveling dress and after the wedding breakfast, the newly married couple left for a southern trip, after which they will locate at Newton, where Mr. Clark is cashier of a bank.

The coasting carnival is now an assured fact for next Saturday night, the committee on subscriptions having already received \$500 in expenses. The merry-makers were busy going to different residents on Dodge street requesting them to light up their homes for the carnival.

An enjoyable sleighing party provided the glorious ride last night from Omaha to Bellevue, where the company was entertained at the residence of Mr. A. Wright. Those in the party included Misses Jennie Arthur, Nellie Arthur, Mary Wright, Clara Pirch, Annie Belle Hutchins, Mary Hutchins, Anne Radcliffe and Messrs. J. E. Smith, Arthur Snowden, McCandish, White, Surples and Stangland.

The Apollo Social club held forth at Light Guards hall. Members of the committees in charge were G. J. Sternard, H. K. Fuller, F. H. Koster, T. E. Jones, A. J. Easton, L. K. Mooney and W. J. Ward.

Westbrook and Hacker, the bicyclists, write to friends that they are now in the City of Mexico with "Goon Brothers" circus.

The Kaiser. Regardless of war sympathies or neutral-mindedness, no one conversant with history can but marvel at the one towering figure of this stirring world drama, Emperor William II, of Germany, who today celebrates his 57th birthday. Friend and foe alike recognize in him the most potent and virile representative of the Hohenzollern house from its founder down the long illustrious line. And, however his influence may in the end be measured by impartial judges, his limitless command of the enthusiastic devotion of his people is not to be gainsaid.

Without depreciating what was accomplished before his accession, the Germany of today, which is the wonder of the world, is the product of the policies of William II—of the man who, scarcely emerged from boyhood, ascended the throne amidst the fears and trepidations of his elders and today at 57 has all Europe daily watching his next move with bated breath, and the united German people, one and all, ready to make any sacrifice for the glory of their country as typified by its imperial ruler. What the future still has in store for the kaiser no one can tell, but the great scroll is bound to carry his name in big letters for all eternity.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks. Nebraska democrats are getting down to brass tacks in the state campaign. Having shooed all other candidates out of the ring, including our good friend, Edgar Howard, Governor Morehead and Mayor Bryan are about to enter a finish fight for control. The governor's one-term pledge was long ago sent to the limbo of other democratic promises, and he is willing to be drafted for the third term, thus setting a new precedent for Nebraska. Brother Charlie is to be the personal representative of the Great Commoner in the struggle to put none but kindred democrats on guard. The record of the present administration, in its muddling of state business, makes a certainty that rough going awaits the candidate, whoever he may be. The future is radiant with signs of trouble for the followers of the donkey in Nebraska.

William B. Prescott's Work. William B. Prescott is dead at Chicago. This will not mean a great deal to the public at large, but to those engaged in the printing and publishing business, and to the close student of the economic history of our country, it means the passing of a man of uncommon ability and great service. Mr. Prescott was a labor leader of the type whose deeds were seldom recorded on the front page of a newspaper, but who modestly wrought for the advancement of the worker and the development of a better understanding between employer and employed. He was president of the International Typographical union at the most critical period of its history, when the Mergenthaler typesetting machine was coming into general use, and it was his determined stand that prevented the printers from repeating the mistake often made by labor in the past, that of opposing the advance in methods of the industry. He also pioneered the way for the adoption of the arbitration agreement that has done so much to establish and preserve peace between the newspaper publishers and the printers. In other ways he contributed to the development of the great union of which he was executive head, and since his retirement from office has served his craft well as chairman of the supplemental training work carried on by the union. A modest man, and genial, withal, Mr. Prescott was the kind of labor leader who really does good in the world.

Preparedness Not a Party Issue. Congressman Mann of Illinois, republican floor leader in the present congress, has fairly stated the case for preparedness so far as its political bearings are concerned. It is not a partisan, but a patriotic undertaking. The awakening of the country to its defenseless condition is accompanied by the impulse to provide proper means for the defense of the homes and the institutions of the nation. Dreams of enduring universal peace have been completely dispelled, and the recognition of certain unpleasant truths emphasizes the necessity for speedy and definite action in the way of preparation for what may occur. The great question to be determined now is how far and by what means shall we proceed in rectifying a mistake. Discussion of this phase of the question has proceeded to a point where speedy crystallization of opinion will produce a definite plan, but as to its necessity no political division exists.

Adopting Republican Doctrine. Slowly but surely Ephraim is being weaned from his idols, and the democrats are abandoning the dogma of the fathers of that supposedly unchangeable party. President Wilson now announces himself as committed to the policy of dealing with the tariff through a permanent nonpartisan board, charged with the duty of making full inquiry, collecting information, and formulating schedules. This is exactly the plan adopted by the republicans, under the last administration of that party. It was then violently attacked by the democrats, who, on coming to power, tore up the Payne-Aldrich bill, framed on the report and recommendations of a tariff commission, and substituted the Underwood bill, which has failed in every particular. The democrats also destroyed the tariff commission, by refusing to make appropriation for its continuance. Experience still keeps school at the same old stand, and the tuition fees are as high as ever. It is, however, encouraging to note that the democrats who have been attending classes there are showing signs of having learned something.

The famous June admonition, "Don't rock the boat," still commands Colonel Bryan's loyalty. He has no intention of pursuing the president—not now. A few weeks later, after the president comes ashore, the colonel will throw a few vocal shells into the preparedness schooner, not because he loves the administration less, but because he needs the exercise.

The Teutonic occupancy of Soutari signalizes the doom of both Serbia and Montenegro, for the present, at least, and shortens the road to Saloniki by half. A port on the Aegean Sea has been the dream of the Hapsburgs for half a century and the prospect of realization leads a joyful glow to the lengthening shadows of Francis Joseph.

A Lecture on Swearing

A LECTURE on profanity seems a shocking thing to be delivered before an assemblage of women, but really it wasn't at all. Can you imagine a talk on oaths, condemnations, and just plain oaths to either the living or the departed? Furthermore, can you imagine such a subject being treated with Charles Lamb-like, with Thackerayan gentleness, simplicity, charm, grace and wit? Well, it was; and the explanation is that the lecturer on swearing wasn't a stoveholder, a Lannon caddy, a sea-cab, a boss of a construction gang, a drill sergeant or an irate editor; he was Associate Professor Jerome Johnson of Yassar college, and he spoke before the College club of Hartford.

"The Everyday Profanity of Our Best People" was Prof. Johnson's subject, and in the development of it he said, in part: "I am considering it not as a moral question: it is one of taste, of propriety, of education. If it were a moral question it would merely be the taking of the name of the Deity in vain. Not I in 1,000 who utters an expletive or an oath has the meaning of it in his heart. The profanity I speak of does not indicate a laxity of morals, but rather a disease of the vocabulary. The Encyclopedia Britannica says 'oaths are promises made under a nonhuman penalty of sanction.' As a matter of fact, that covers only one-third of the ground; oaths divide themselves into three classes: first, the assertive; second, the denunciatory; third, the interjectional. There you have your three great groups. All three have their counterparts in the everyday profanity of our best people. If you were asked if you went to church last Sunday you might say, if you were Irish, 'I did, begorra,' or if you were a cockney, 'I did 'elp me.' Sir Toby Belch said, 'It comes to pass that a terrible oath with a swearing accent sharply twanged off, gives man more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.'"

"In the denunciatory group are included some great and worthy oaths. Washington facing the traitor, Lee, Farragut braving the rebel torpedoes, are examples of the most righteous outbursts in this class. But, after all, the rightness is swerved from a more noble purpose to be a cheap substitute for deeds. It is easier to drat a situation than to face it. 'Now I come to the third, the interjectional group, with the ejaculations 'jove,' 'gee whiz,' 'gosh,' 'golly,' 'corry' and so on. Most of these were once assertive or denunciatory, but time has worn away their sharpness. Of two ancient Romans, watching the awful performances of Vesuvius, one might properly say, 'O Jove, look into my heart and read my thoughts; this grandeur, which I cannot express, and the other might call on the Gemini, the heavenly twins, to give like expression to his unutterable thoughts. But their descendants stand in the same place, and what do they say? 'By Jove!' and 'Gimley, ain't it grand!'"

"Gone are the echoing oaths of the day when swearing was a fine art. 'By the thighbone of St. Anthony, give way, varlet, ere I spit thee through the gizzard!' was a fine old phrase, but in these days when automatic revolvers hold sway it is hardly brief enough. 'This grandeur, which I cannot express, and the other might call on the Gemini, the heavenly twins, to give like expression to his unutterable thoughts. But their descendants stand in the same place, and what do they say? 'By Jove!' and 'Gimley, ain't it grand!'"

Twice Told Tales

Needeed. Appealing to a lady for aid, an old darter told her that through the Dayton flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children. "Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the Titanic?" "Yeth, ma'am, dat was me. Mos' unfort'n' man dat ever was! Kaint keep a family now!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

People and Events.

The fish story season is not yet open, but practice is proceeding. A Jersey amateur reported having cast a line baited with a light cigar and hauled out a fish which calmly blew rings from the butt. Next. Owners of "war brides" are not the only Wallingfords on the pike. The wife of a Boston candy maker tipped a waiter with \$1.00 bill, but subsequently changed her mind and the bill, substituting a tenner. A son of sunny Italy, noted for his industry in kissing other women than his wife, was handed this by a New York court: "For one year you are to kiss nobody but Alice, your own wife." Isn't that awful on a man of diversified tastes? Somehow a small cartridge slipped into the pipe of Charley Rutledge of Unionville, N. J. When the smoke of the explosion lifted Charley was found with a bit of the stem between his teeth, his eyes doped with ashes and the glass of a wall picture shattered. Bernard de Clark of Paterson, N. J., doesn't hide his heart's desires under his vest. His pockets bulge with a salary of \$12 a week and a ready bought diamond ring, both ready for the right girl. "If you want an ideal husband," he says in a want ad, "one who is a home lover and a sweet tempered man, here is your chance." Say, isn't Barney a darter?

The Bee's Letter Box

Testimonial of a Patient. OMAHA, Jan. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was surprised and shocked at the article in your paper headed, "Nurse Tells Startling Story of Conditions at City Hospital." Fortunately for relatives and friends of those who are afflicted with contagious diseases and are confined in this hospital, I have had occasion to know existing conditions. By reason of the fact that my niece is a patient there, seriously ill with scarlet fever and complications, I have frequently visited the emergency hospital and know that she, as well as others, have received the most careful attention, and that general satisfaction pervades the institution. Being interested in civic conditions and the general welfare of the city, I have made it a part of my duty while there to particularly observe care of all patients, and have personally visited them for this purpose, as well as to offer a word of cheer and comfort. While there I have been required to take the same precautions that physicians take, and have found disinfectants available at any time. In talking with those afflicted I have endeavored to ascertain if there has been any neglect or incompetency on the part of physicians or attendants, and I am pleased to say that without a single exception all spoke in the highest praise of care received, this applying to city charges as well as those who are paying for service. MRS. F. J. HIRSH, Chairman Civic Committee Omaha Woman's Club.

Getting Together. OXFORD, Neb., Jan. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: Some of the leaders of the so-called progressive party have advertised a convention to meet in Chicago at the same time that the national republican convention will be called. These men, after proclaiming that their party came into existence like the republican party, to contend for a great moral principle, proceeded to compliment themselves for their patriotic work and wound up by reaffirming their faith in that historic jumble called their 1912 platform. They somewhere let it be known that should the republican nomination the progressive candidates and swallow their pet platform, they would then go into the republican party, but made it clear that they would leave the door open so they could come out with as big a following as possible whenever they felt they were not getting proper attention. As a republican I have always believed and worked that the party should be responsive to the people's needs and their wishes. I realize that harmony is much to be desired in the party organization and is necessary that success and good results may be accomplished, but I believe that it should be an honorable harmony and not just a political combine to secure office. The thousands of republicans who were carried out of the party in 1912 by the sophistries of the progressive movement are back in the republican party today. In fact, a great majority of those who contemplated leaving the party, but could not resist following their political idol, Theodore Roosevelt. Now we find the leaders of the misnamed progressive party without a following, yet possessive of checks to run a bluff in hopes of dictating terms. The party was organized for the advancement of no moral issue, but pure unadulterated spite, and for the sole purpose of defeating the republican party and its candidates. The proof of this statement need not rest on my assertion, but has substantial proof in the position its leaders took in California, Nebraska and other states to defraud the republican voters at the polls. The party split over Taft and Roosevelt is a thing of the past and I can work with a man who did not vote as I did and was not bashful about styling himself progressive while stigmatizing me as a stand-patter. I can join with him over past differences and stand with him shoulder to shoulder in building up the republican party, not simply to capture the offices and administrative prestige, but that it may be as it always has been a party with a sane, workable policy that will bring prosperity and will respect to our government and will place men at the head with a caliber and statesmanship by which the civilized world may know that we have a stable, honest and efficient policy, that will be fearlessly administered in our domestic and foreign relations. On the other hand, I have nothing in common with the bull moose organization and no use for a fusionist, and I serve notice that any bifurcated candidate who files as being a member of the republican and also of the progressive party, will find one republican vote missing in the final count. A. C. RANKIN.

Simple, Oh, So Simple. NORTH LOUP, Neb., Jan. 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: I might describe the shell of which a life appeared in The Bee a few weeks ago. The object is to get the greatest amount of the highest explosive known to chemical science within a shell which may be fired from the high-powered guns. You ask how this may be done, knowing that the very high explosives are so very sensitive to vibration. The real problem was to arrange the mechanical part of it to simplicity. I have done a great deal of work on the design to arrange the parts and reduce the parts to four or five pieces which will hold the shock of the gunfire. The shell is to be arranged to split as many separate compartments running the full length of it as there are elements composing the explosive. In the center is a small barrel an inch in diameter, running parallel. Within this barrel is an auger, either end running through wooden pistons which close the ports of the compartment to the barrel. This auger, when it begins its rapid movement after the discharge of the shell, by a time fuse draws the pistons off from the ports, forming a bearing for the ends of the auger. This is effected by a right and left thread on the ends of the auger. A liquid explosive is to be used. It is generally known that the elements of nitroglycerine and other high explosives are harmless until they are combined. Those elements are run into the shell from the side and plugged. The elements are not put in until the shell is to be used. Two or three minutes after the shell is discharged the auger begins the rapid movement and draws the chemical elements through the barrel and back through compartments. This gives a thorough mixture within thirty minutes. The rest of the shell has still another compartment, which is set into the main part by pressure and welded. This latter part is again divided into small compartments for the fuses, dry batteries and the small dynamo, which is located in the center and made a part of the auger. There is also a compartment for a small charge of powder, which is discharged by the

time fuse. After the combination of the elements. The back part of the shell is so arranged that the shock of the gun does not affect it. It is all controlled by double or triple fuses. The parts may be cast and the central barrel reamed. The mechanical parts would not cost 10, and so arranged that the shock of the gunfire should not disturb them. A twenty-inch shell should carry from twenty to thirty gallons of the highest explosive known to chemical science. The dynamo remains locked until released by the fuse. The latter compartments are accessible, being round and longitudinal. This gives plenty of strength when covered with case, that the discharge of the gun will not break through. This is a general description only. The object of the shell is to lift a fortification about a mile high, with no respect as to where it will alight. The shell may be made to carry twenty miles. The construction is very simple. WALTER JOHNSON.

CHEERY CHAFF. "Was that operation you performed successful, doctor?" "I can't tell yet. The patient's widow won't pay my fee, and my lawyer advises suing the estate."—Baltimore American.

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, MY FIANCÉ AND I HAVE HAD A QUARREL—WHO SHOULD SPEAK FIRST? HAVE CENTRAL GET YOU BOTH ON THE PHONE AND BOTH SAY 'HELLO' AT THE SAME TIME!

What's the honeymoon, pa?" "The honeymoon, my son, is the only period in a man's life during which he considers it funny to come home and find that his dear little wife hasn't dined ready on time."—Boston Transcript.

Minister—Tommy, I'm surprised. Don't you know that good little boys don't skate on Sunday? Tommy—Yea, an' I'm glad dey don't!

George (nervously)—Madge, dear, I am about to ask you—Wait just a minute while I fix my hair. (She runs out of the room, and returns holding a dictagraph behind her.) Speak loudly, dear. I've got a cold.—Strut.

Edith—I was surprised to hear of your engagement to Mr. Bullyton. Was he the only man with sand enough to propose? Marie—Oh, no; but he was the only one with rocks enough to interest me.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think your husband's taste in music is improving?" "Oh, yes. I can't break him of the habit of going to sleep at a concert. But he doesn't snore as much off the key as he used to."—Washington Star.

THE DREAMERS. Sacramento, Cal. I like to think that high upon some star, 'Mid billard beauty all past dreamers are— The dais that saw great visions for the world, Who dared the heights and sunmost sails unfurled, And as Columbus never fainted at the helm, But stood straight for the undiscovered realm, Black though the night upon the window-pane, Rebellious though all frightened spirits rave— I like to think that all these prophets passed To regions ready for their visions vast! I like to think that music there is heard, Such as our tiny hands have never stirred— A sympathy that rings upon the ear As mightily as the clang of spheres on spheres, A harmony by Thor-like hammers wrought, Timed by the throbbing metronome of Thought; Creating masterpieces for the universe, In which the dreams of ages they immerse— Until the planetary pulses will bring To earth some echo of the songs they sing! I like to think that listening dreamers here Will catch some message from that ring— ring sphere, However faintly, yet will weave it in, An anthem loud above the idle din, 'Till all men will hear its beat in awe, And nearer to world union will draw, The moving word will point the path to peace— And all the urge of armament will cease, While nations will forget their warring hate, And fabrics, hitherto undreamed, create!

621 Residents of Nebraska registered at Hotel Astor during the past year. 1000 Rooms. 700 with Bath. A cuisine which has made the Astor New York's leading Banqueting place. Single Rooms, without bath, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Double 3.00 to 4.00. Single Rooms, with bath, 3.00 to 6.00. Double 4.00 to 7.00. Parlor, Bedroom and bath, \$10.00 to \$14.00. At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

Chicago and East. FAST SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED TRAINS. Chicago and the East. Over a double track system with automatic electric safety signals all the way from Omaha to Chicago. 7-DAILY TRAINS-7 all arriving at Chicago in the new Passenger Terminal CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY. convenient to hotel and shopping district. DAILY SERVICE: Leave Omaha. 7:30 a. m. Arrive Chicago. 8:45 p. m. 12:30 p. m. 6:45 a. m. 8:00 p. m. 7:34 a. m. 8:32 p. m. 11:00 a. m. 8:00 p. m. 9:30 a. m. 10:10 p. m. 11:50 a. m. 1:20 a. m. 2:00 p. m. Parlor Car on 7:30 a. m. train. Observation and Sleeping Cars on other trains. Overland Limited 9:00 p. m. extra-fare train for first-class sleeping car passengers only. Los Angeles Limited 10:10 p. m. train for sleeping car passengers only. The Best of Everything. Tickets, reservations and information at City Ticket Office, 1401-3 Farnam St., Des Moines, Iowa. JOHN WELLEN, G.A. Chicago & North Western Ry.

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.